





# The Korea Magazine

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*Editorial Board:*

S. A. BECK, J. S. GALE, W. G. CRAM, W. A. NOBLE

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# CHATS WITH OUR READERS

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Will the gentle reader please remember that he or she should be able to understand and explain all the references in this ancient poem to be regarded as a real intimate friend of the East. It is not sufficient merely to be able to eat rice and red-peppers.

Please explain :

Wide-cool Palace, phoenix wing, the rabbit, Hang-a, water-essence drops, etc.

. . .

## THE PALACE OF THE MOON.

BY

CHIN WHA (ABOUT 1200 A. D.)

The circling moon drives through the hazy winds,  
A polished wheel of crystal round and clear.  
The Wide-cool Palace sits within its rim,  
Where fairies flit or ride on phoenix back.  
They wake their flutes and pipes across the sky  
While tinkling gems amid their skirts resound.  
The rabbit pounds his mortar hard for pills,  
And even Hang-a steals them not away.  
They give the fairies 'water-essence' drops,  
Which down their throats fall fresh as snowy dew.  
While life they live, yes endless life in heaven,  
Or when they blow their scented breath abroad,  
They tell how dear this Palace of the Moon.  
A forest deep its guards stand battle-axed,  
To keep the peace that fills the realm of heaven.  
With flashing lights the fairies fling their flowers  
Across the bridge that spans the Milky Way.  
The Dipper near swings on its nightly course ;  
The clustered stars shine o'er the Herdsman's path,  
Who picks celestial flowers with easy hand.  
Thus gaze I sky ward on the Imperial throne,  
With longing looks and upward trend of soul.



TYPICAL MISSION SCHOOL BUILDINGS IN SEOUL



SEVERANCE UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE.



THE WOMAN'S ACADEMY, YUN-DONG, SEOUL.



JOHN D. WELL'S ACADEMY.

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SEPTEMBER, 1918

## Editorial Notes.

RECENT developments both in Korea and Japan have very pointedly demonstrated the extreme importance of utilizing all available agricultural land in Korea for the cultivation of food, especially rice and potatoes. Rice in this country is mainly raised where the land can be irrigated. There can be an increase in the crop of rice in Korea by cultivating all land which can be irrigated by present methods; by adopting more modern and better methods for planting and cultivating irrigated rice; by a large investment of capital in irrigation projects which cannot be financed by local communities; and by the cultivation of upland rice. Rice being the staple crop both in Korea and Japan, no doubt the authorities will render assistance by providing instruction in better farming methods and encourage the investment of large sums in irrigation work. The best potatoes we have seen in Korea are produced in the mountainous sections of the country. They are large, without protuberances, and contain no unnecessary moisture. Koreans have only sparingly used potatoes, some seeming to think it is a disgrace or a mark of poverty to have potatoes served. They should be encouraged to grow them in much larger quantities, devote more of the mountain-sides to potato cultivation, and allow potatoes a larger place in the ordinary every day diet, instead of requiring such large quantities of rice.

## AN OLD MAP AND ITS STORY.

### I.

Some twenty miles or more N. E. of Seoul, on the beautifully wooded slopes of Bamboo-leaf Mountain 竹葉山 in the prefecture of Yang-ju 楊州 lies Kwang-neung 光陵, the last resting place of the great King Syei-jo 世祖大王, who reigned over Chosen from A. D. 1455 to A. D. 1469. True it is that the Neung, or royal mausolea, and the Buddhist temples—surrounded as they usually are by acres of park or forest land—have between them appropriated (or helped to create) most of the beauty spots of Korea. And certainly the Kwang Neung, with its magnificent park of giant trees of every sort, is one of the most beautiful of the royal tombs which lie scattered so thickly over the country in the neighbourhood of Seoul. Probably for this reason it has been selected by the "Woods and Forests Department" of the Government General as one of their "auxiliary forestry stations."

King Syei-jo was noted for two things. First, he was the only king of the Yi dynasty who was an enthusiastic devotee of Buddhism, and to him it was that Seoul owed the erection within its walls of Won-gak-sa 圓覺寺, the great Temple, of which the huge tablet and the beautiful Pagoda of "Pagoda Park" are the only remaining relics. His second claim to fame is a less enviable one. For he, like our English King Richard III, is credited with having' played the part of the "wicked uncle," who turns up sooner or later in most dynastic histories, paving his own way to the Throne by the murder of the legitimate heir, his infant nephew. The boy King Tan-jong 端宗大王, foully done to death at the age of 16 in the mountain fastnesses of Kang-won-do (A. D. 1457), is one of the most pathetic characters in Korean history. And king Syei-jo's latter-day devotion to the Buddhist faith is said to have



been not unconnected with remorse for his share in the tragedy which overshadowed his accession to the throne.

And so we find—as not unfrequently in the parks attached to the royal tombs—a grave old Buddhist monastery 奉先寺 Pong-syen-sa, embosomed in the woods surrounding Kwang-neung, Syei-jo's tomb, founded presumably as a home for religious men who should pray for the soul of the dead king. The monastery, though its buildings are massive and fairly extensive, is not in itself especially remarkable, except for its great and glorious-toned bell, dating from 1469 and covered with Chinese inscriptions and charms in the Sanskrit script. But the Poptang 法堂 or central shrine, is a spacious and striking building, with its heavy timbers, its elaborately carved wood work and subdued colouring, and is further noteworthy for the fact that, in the place of the "gods many and lords many," usually to be found (at least to the number of three) over Buddhist altars, it contains but a single figure of 藥師如來 Yak-sa-ye-rai, the healing Buddha, or good physician, seated in grave contemplation, with his casket of medicine in his hands.

The object of this paper however is not so much to draw attention to King Syei-jo's tomb or the temple of Pong-syen-sa near by, as to that which must surely be counted the Temple's most precious possession, its great *Mappa Mandi*, the handwork of one of those wonderful Jesuit priests and scientists who flourished in Peking in the seventeenth century. How this marvellous creation found its way to Pong-syen-sa must remain uncertain, the monks retaining no tradition on the subject, though something of interest on the subject remains to be said before this paper ends.

Every Korean scholar of course is familiar with the name of 李馬堵, Yi Ma-tou, and with the great work he did in China towards the end of the Ming Dynasty in teaching the truths of mathematics, astronomy and geography, and amending the many errors into which the Imperial Calendar had fallen. But not all of them by any means are aware that Yi Ma-tou is but the Chinese name adopted by Father Matteo Ricci, who was born at Ancona in 1552 (the very year in which S. Francis

Xavier died on the coast of China), and who, after throwing in his lot with S. Ignatius Loyola's young and flourishing Society of Jesus, found his way to the South of China as a missionary priest in 1580, passing thence in 1600 to Peking, where he died full of years and honour in 1610.

Long before Father Ricci died he had been joined in his missionary labours by many other priests of the Society of Jesus. And yet others flocked into the Chinese Empire after his death, carrying on the tradition which he established for close on two centuries, until in 1773 the suppression of the Society by the Pope brought disaster to its flourishing Chinese Missions as well as its work elsewhere.\* Among Fr. Ricci's Jesuit successors in Peking, far the most famous were Fr. John Adam Schall, a native of Cologne, who arrived in China in 1622 and died there in 1665, and Fr. Ferdinand Verbiest, a native of Flanders, who arrived in China in 1660 and died there in 1688. The former is known to Chinese and Koreans as 湯若望, Tang Yak-mang, and the latter as 南懷仁, Nam Hoi-in. Both were men of extraordinary scientific attainments and were held in the highest esteem in Peking, where they were actually raised to mandarin rank and successively appointed President of the Board of Mathematics and Astronomy by the last Emperors of the Ming and the earliest Emperors of the Ching, or Manchu, dynasty.

It is to Fr. Adam Schall, Tang Yak-mang (pronounced in Chinese Tang Jo-wang), that we owe the great map of the world still preserved in Pong-syen-sa. My own inspection of the map was too cursory, and the space of THE KOREA MAGAZINE too valuable, for me to attempt a minute description of this work of art in these columns. Suffice it to say that it is painted in colours on silk, with the geographical names and other details written in Chinese, and that the whole is mounted on an eight-leaved screen some six or seven feet high.

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\*The Society of Jesus was revived in 1814 by Pope Pius VII just forty-one years after it had been suppressed by his predecessor, Pope Clement XIV in 1773. Their great establishment at Sicawei near Shanghai dates from their re-entry on Chinese Mission work in 1842.

The first leaf contains a long extract in Chinese from the writings of Yi Ma-tou (Matthew Ricci), and the eighth an historical account of the way in which the map came into being. The map is there said to have been drawn in the 1st year of the Emperor 崇禎 i. e. A. D. 1628 by the 西洋人湯若望, the "western foreigner Tang Yak-mang, who affixed his seal to it and sent it to the eastern kingdom," i. e. Chosen. It is further stated that in the 34th year of King Souk-jong 肅宗 of Chosen (i. e. A. D. 1708) several copies of the Map were made by royal authority. And the whole of this statement is signed by 崔錫鼎 Choi Syek-tyeng, who was (Dr. Gale informs me) Prime Minister of Korea at the last mentioned date. The six central leaves of the screen are occupied with the map of the world itself, surrounded by other drawings illustrating the principle of eclipses, the orbits of the planets, etc., and at the side is to be seen in red ink, the sacred monogram I. H. S. and the Jesuit emblem of the Cross and three nails. The map itself is drawn with the Equator, the Tropics and the North and South Poles clearly marked, and plainly represents the highest level of geographical accuracy attained by European scientists in the first half of the Seventeenth Century. The great continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America are delineated with remarkable accuracy of outline, the least satisfactory part being that great District of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, which is now covered by Russia and about which, one may suppose, but little was really known in Europe at this time. Naturally Australia is practically non-existent and the southern parts of the globe generally are plainly those about which our map-makers were most hazy. They have filled the vacant spaces here with lively representation of the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, the Lion and other strange wild beasts, and after the manner of the seventeenth century geographers, have dotted over the vast surface of the ocean wonderful pictures of dolphins and whales and gallant ships employed in the commerce of the world. Useful and interesting pieces of information are conveyed by little Chinese inscriptions attached to the names of certain of the countries, as for instance to Judaea, of which we are told

that "it is called the Holy Land because the Son of God was born there," while attention is drawn to Rome as the residence of the Pope, and England is described as the land in which no poisonous snakes are to be found. (An early instance this of English perfidy in appropriating to herself what really belongs to Ireland!)

## II

Now, how did this map ever find its way to Chosen, the hermit land? As I have already said, the monks of Pong-syen-sa have no tradition on the subject and the records of their monastery seem to have (as is alas! so often the case) entirely disappeared. They themselves had nothing to suggest, but that it must have been brought back by one of the tribute Embassies from Peking, which is likely enough. Can we get any nearer to the truth? I think we can. It must be remembered that the years during which Adam Schall played such a prominent part in Peking (1622-1665) were precisely the years during which the Chinese Empire was passing from the hands of the Ming dynasty to those of the rising Manchu power. Even before this great crisis however, in the year 1631, we read in the dynastic history of Chosen 國朝寶鑑 丁卯博覽 (as Dr. Gale has pointed out to me) that the Korean envoy 鄭斗源 had met a foreigner in Peking named 陸若漢 (probably Father Jean de la Roque) who had much impressed him by his hale and hearty old age (he was then 97 years old) and who had presented him with a number of guns, telescopes, clocks and other articles of European manufacture. This however does not yet bring us into direct contact with Adam Schall. And it is a little bit difficult to piece together the events of the next few years, because they are all mixed up with the events of the 丙子胡亂 i. e. the Manchu invasion of Korea in 1636-7, which the Koreans have always regarded as one of the most shameful episodes in their history, and to which therefore but scant reference is made in the dynastic records. Practically all we are told there is that the King of Korea moved his court from Seoul to Nam Han in 1636 and returned to Seoul in 1637, and

that in 1644 an envoy 金堉 was sent from Seoul to Peking, where he is said to have met the foreigner Adam Schall, 湯若望 (A piece of information for which I have again to thank Dr. Gale). What really took place was this. The Manchu Emperor at the head of his army swept down into Korea in 1636, to enforce the submission of the Koreans, who clung to the falling Ming dynasty, with a loyalty worthy of the Jacobites of Great Britain in 1715 and 1745. The king had just time to send off his two eldest sons (together with his ancestral tablets) and members of his family to Kang-wha, where they were shortly afterwards captured, while he himself had to flee with the rest of his court to Nam Han San Song, some twenty miles south of Seoul where he sustained a long siege. At length being starved out he surrendered to the Manchu Emperor, who treated him with surprising courtesy and clemency. Among the conditions of peace however he insisted on carrying off to Moukden as hostages the Crown Prince of Korea, and his younger brother the Prince Pong-nim, who remained there in a sort of gilded captivity until 1645, when they were allowed to return to Korea, the last of the Ming Emperors having died by his own hand in 1644, and thus cleared the road for the Manchu Emperor's peaceful accession to the throne of China. It was probably in connection with these events in 1644-5 that 金堉 went as an envoy to China, where, as we have already said, he is recorded to have met Father Schall 湯若望. And even if we had nothing else to go upon, we should probably not be far wrong in concluding that this was the occasion on which Father Schall's *Mappa Mandi* found its way from China to Chosen.

In pursuing my investigation however as to Father Schall's activities, in Peking, I happened to refer to that well-known traveller the Abbe Huc's book on "Le Christianism en Chine, en Tartarie et an Thibet," which was published in 1857. And there I stumbled upon a narrative which shewed that Father Schall had in 1644-5 entered into the most friendly relations with a far more distinguished person than any mere envoy like (金寶) to wit with no less a person than the captive Korean prince, who afterwards mounted his father's throne as

King Hyo-jong (孝宗大王) and reigned in Chosen from A. D. 1649-1659.

The facts recorded by the Abbe Huc are of such surpassing interest that it seems worth while to insert the passage here at length, especially as none of the many writers in Korea seem to have noticed them. † I ought however to say by way of preface that the Abbe is wrong in referring to the "illustrious captive" as being then "King of the Koreans." It was the Crown Prince and his younger brother Prince Pong Nim who were carried off to China as hostages. Of these the Crown Prince himself died in 1645, almost immediately after his return to his native land; and it was his younger brother, Prince Pong Nim, who afterwards actually became King of Korea and reigned as Hyo-jong Tai-wang from 1649 to 1659.

Referring to the years 1644-5, when the last of the Ming Emperors had passed away and the Manchu Emperor Syoun-chi 順治 (순치) had at length mounted the throne of China, the Abbé Huc says:

"At about this date the King of the Koreans was in Peking. Having fallen into the hands of the Manchus as a prisoner of war, he had been taken to Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, where the Tartar chief had promised to set him free as soon as he had made himself master of the Chinese Empire. No sooner had Syoun-chi been proclaimed Emperor than he fulfilled the promise made to his illustrious captive, who before returning to his native land expressed a desire to visit Peking and return thanks in person to his liberator. And it was during his stay there that the King of Korea (i. e. the Crown Prince) made the acquaintance of Father Adam Schall. He used to take the greatest pleasure in visiting the Jesuit Father

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† Griffis in *Korea, the Hermit Nation*, Hulbert in his *Passing of Korea* and *History of Korea*, Dallet in the *Histoire de l'Eglyre de Coree*, Longford in his *Story of Korea* make no mention of the episode in question, though they all refer to instances of Korean envoys meeting some of the Jesuit Fathers in China. Ross in his *History of Corea, Ancient and Modern* has an oblique reference to the meeting of the Crown Prince and Father Schall, quoting from the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 278, but only mentions it to scout its probability.

informally at his residence and himself entertained him with the greatest kindness in his own palace. He was particularly anxious that the distinguished Koreans who were attached to his suite should profit by the instructive conversation which took place on these occasions, and trusted that they might gather therefrom, and carry back to their own country, valuable information on matters astronomical and mathematical, in which his countrymen were not very well skilled. The missionary on his side did not fail to take the opportunity thus provided of instilling the truths of Christianity into the minds of his new friends, in the hope that the seeds of the true faith might thus be sown in the as yet heathen land of Korea. Little by little they became attached to one another by ties of the closest intimacy, and the inevitable parting, when the Prince and his suite took their departure for Korea, brought with it a pang of real regret to both parties. As the Korean Prince took a great interest in Chinese literature, Fr. Schall sent him, a few days before his departure from Peking, copies of all the works on science and religion composed by the Jesuit Fathers, together with a celestial globe and a beautiful image of our Saviour. The prince was so charmed with these gifts that he wrote personally to Father Schall a letter in Chinese to express his heart felt gratitude. Subjoined is the translation of this precious document:

“Yesterday,” said the prince to Father Schall, ‘while examining the wholly unexpected gift which you have sent me—the image of the Divine Saviour, the celestial globe, the astronomical works, and the numerous other books on the sciences and doctrine of Europe—I was so overcome with joy that I am afraid I failed to give proper expression to my gratitude. In looking through some of these valuable works, I have observed that they contain doctrines well calculated to perfect man’s heart and to adorn it with all the virtues. Up to the present, this sublime teaching has been unknown in our country, where men’s understandings have been involved in the grossest obscurity. The sacred image which you have sent me is remarkably impressive. So much so that when it is hung on the wall, one has but to look at it to feel one’s soul at peace

and cleansed from every sort of stain. The globe and the books on astronomy are works of such indispensable importance in any State, that I can hardly credit my good fortune in having become possessed of them. Similar works are doubtless to be found in my country, but I must sorrowfully admit that they are full of errors and in process of time have drifted further and further away from standards of scientific accuracy. You will readily understand how happy your generous present has made me. As soon as I have returned to my native land, these works shall be placed in an honourable position in my palace and I propose to have reprints made for distribution among those who by their studious habits and devotion to science are most likely to profit by them. By this means my subjects will in the near future be able to appreciate the good fortune which had enabled them to pass from the wilderness of ignorance into the temple of erudition. And the Koreans will not fail to recognize that it is to the learned men of Europe that these benefits are due. How strange it is that you and I, sprung from different kingdoms and from countries so far apart and so widely separated by the waters of the ocean, should have met here in a strange land and that we should have formed such an intimate friendship that we might be supposed to be united by a "blood-contract." It beats my comprehension to understand by what occult power of nature this has been brought about. And I can only surmise that the souls of men are drawn to one another by their devotion to Truth, however widely separated they may be from one another on the Earth's surface. As it is I can but congratulate myself on my good fortune in being able to carry back home these books and this sacred image. When however I remember that my subjects have never heard of the worship due to God, and that they are likely enough to offend the Divine Majesty by failure to show Him the proper respect, my heart is filled with disquiet and anxiety. And for this reason I have thought it best, if you will allow me to do so, to return you the sacred image, for I should be very much to blame, if I or my people failed to treat it with due veneration.

"If I can find anything worthy of your acceptance in my



native land, I shall ask your acceptance of it as a token of my gratitude. That will be but a slight return for the ten thousand favours which you have showered on me.'"

The good Abbe goes on to say that the young prince's expressed desire to return the sacred image (presumably a Crucifix) was only due to his wish to conform to the accepted standards of Chinese politeness, and that Fr. Schall not only prevailed on him to keep it, but asked whether he would not like to take back one of his catechists to preach the religion of the true God to the Koreans. The prince replied that he should much prefer to take back one of the European fathers with him, but that anyone whom Fr. Schall sent might count on receiving as warm a reception as would be accorded to the missionary himself. But, as the Abbé Huc points out, the dearth of workers in the Chinese mission made it impossible to carry out Fr. Schall's scheme for starting Christian mission work in Korea.

I am endeavouring to find out whether the original of the Korean prince's letter is still preserved among the archives of the Jesuit Missions in China. But even in the absence of the original, and after making all allowances for exaggerations possibly due to the Abbé Huc's *editorial* imagination, the letter bears on its face the marks of truth and not improbably shews how the *Mappa Mandi* now in Pong-syen sa reached Korea. The prince's embarrassment about the Crucifix and his desire to get rid of that, without hurting the donor's feelings, and at the same to retain the books, etc., is a very characteristic touch.

And the whole picture is rather a charming one. There is on the one hand the young prince, who cannot have been more than twenty five years old. (And we all know how delightful well-born and well bred young Koreans of twenty five summers can be). Then there is the old German Jesuit, one of the most brilliant scientists of his time, who must have been about fifty five years old at the time of his meeting with the Korean prince. The old man seems to have been of a singularly affectionate disposition, fond of the society of young men, and capable of eliciting from them the warmest

feelings of friendship. The affectionate tone of the Korean prince's letter is all of a piece with the terms of extraordinarily warm hearted intimacy on which the young Manchu Emperor Syoun-chi lived with his dear old "Maffa" (the Manchu word for "daddy"), as he called Fr. Adam Schall. The Abbe Huc has many an amusing tale to tell of the embarrassment caused by the Emperor's frequent and very informal calls on the good Jesuit Fathers in Peking.† And it is interesting to think that in the great Map of the World preserved in Pong Syen-sa we in Korea have so solid a link with such an interesting episode, or series of episodes, in the past history of the Far East and its relations with the West.

MARK NAPIER TROLLOPE,  
Bishop in Korea.

## YI CHANG-KON 李長坤

(THE TROUBLES OF 1498 A. D.)

From the Keui-moon Ching-wha Vol, iii; 27.

In the reign of King Yun-san a great disturbance broke out in the Capital and among others who made their escape was a certain Yi who held the rank of Kyo-ri, Keeper of the Records. He fled for his life to Po-sung County in Chulla Province. Overcome by thirst as he hurried along, he saw a girl dipping water from a stream and asked a drink. She dipped her gourd, but before passing it to him, she stripped some willow leaves from a branch that overhung the stream and threw them in to the water.

He thought this a peculiar thing to do and asked, "When I am so thirsty and in so great a hurry, why do you scatter leaves over the water that I have to drink?"

"Seeing Your Excellency so overheated I was afraid you might take harm from drinking too fast, and so I scattered these leaves," was her answer.

The man, impressed by this, inquired where she lived, and

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† The Emperor was only a child of six years old when he ascended the throne in 1644 and barely twenty four when he died in 1661.

she replied "I am the daughter of a basket-maker and live in yonder little cabin."

Yi followed her to her home and said to the master, "I desire to become your son-in-law and live with you; please take me." Consent was given and there he lodged.

But for a son of Seoul's ancient nobility to learn to become a basket-maker was out of the question. Day succeeded day with nothing done as he slept out the long hours. The father and mother-in-law, both of them indignant at this, scolded him soundly. "We took you in order that you might help us in our basket-making, but instead of proving a help you are an abominable loss, you simply eat your meals and sleep; nothing but a scrap-bag you are to throw good food into."

From this day on they gave him only half the ordinary amount, though, night and morning, his young wife, sorry for him, brought him the scrapings of the pot unknown to her parents.

Her kindness was rewarded, for their love for each other deepened day by day.

Thus three years passed till Choong-jong ascended the throne (1506) and all the world was changed. Those who had been sentenced to death were pardoned, honourably treated and reappointed to office. Yi's name too, was on the restored list, but he, like others, was lost to view and no one knew where he was. Advertisement was made to all corners of the land and the rumour of it spread everywhere.

Yi was startled to hear the news, and as it happened to be the 1st day of the month, and the time for the basket-maker to pay his tribute of baskets to the magistrate, he said to his father-in-law, "On this occasion I'll take the baskets and see them safely to their destination."

The father-in-law replied in a high key, "You, you lazy dog, you don't know east from west, how could you take these baskets to the magistrate? I never go myself without having a terrible time with the unreasonable creature, who constantly refuses this one and that one and orders them back, telling me to bring better. How do you think he would treat you? No, no, no, you can't take the baskets."

But the daughter said, "Please let him try, father, it will do no harm."

The basket-maker was persuaded by his gentle daughter, and so Yi took the load on his back and went to the official yamen, where he boldly walked straight into the compound and shouted out in a loud voice. "The basket-maker has come with his baskets, ahoy!"

The magistrate happened to be an old soldier friend of Yi's. Startled by this bold announcement, and suddenly realizing who he was, he hurried down the step-way took him by the hand and led him up to the special place of honour, "Friend of friends, wherever have you been, and how do you come to me in such a guise as this? The Government is out in search for you everywhere, and a notice from the Governor's office is here in your behalf. Go to Seoul at once, make no delay." He had food and drink prepared, and fitted him out with a new suit of clothes.

Yi said, "I was under sentence of death and so stole into a basket-maker's home and hid away, and thus I have survived these years. Never did I expect again to see such a day as this."

The magistrate sent word to the Governor saying that Yi Kyo-ri was in the county of Po-sung, and made ready post-horses to send him swiftly and safely to Seoul.

Yi replied, "But I cannot forget the kindness shown me these past three years, by my wife whom I greatly love. I must go now and say my word of greeting to her and to my master. You will please come for me to-morrow morning."

The magistrate yielded and gave his consent to the plan.

Yi again changed his dress to the old basket-maker's garb and went forth to his home. He greeted his father-in-law thus, "This time he took the baskets, and all without a word."

The old man replied. "He did, did he? Well, well! They say that even a thousand-year-old hawk can be taught the work of a falcon. This must be true for even my son-in-law has done his part once as a man. Wonderful! Wonderful! Give him an extra spoonful or two of rice," he shouted to his wife.

The next morning early Yi got up and swept the court, when the old father-in-law, seeing him, shouted out, "Yesterday my son-in-law made a success of those baskets, and to-day he sweeps the court clean as a whistle. I shouldn't wonder to see the sun rise in the west to-day. Ha! Ha!"

Yi then took a mat out and spread it on the ground, when the old man asked, "Look here, what are you at, putting a good mat like that out on the dirty ground?"

Yi replied, "The magistrate is coming to-day, so I am making ready."

The old basket-maker laughed an ironical laugh and said, "What wild talk is this? The Magistrate come to such a place as we have! Addled headed idiot! Seeing what the fool is about now, I begin to mistrust yesterday; I shouldn't wonder if he threw those baskets away and came home to make an empty boast about it."

Before he had finished speaking, however, the magistrate's secretary came bounding in all out of breath with a beautifully coloured mat that he spread out in the court saying, "His Excellency is on the way."

The man and his wife hearing this were greatly alarmed, and ran to hide. A moment later they heard the official criers shouting to clear the way, when suddenly the magistrate arrived, alighted from his horse, and went into the room to greet the son-in-law most politely and ask him how he had spent the night. A moment later he inquired, "Where is our sister, I pray, have her come in."

Yi called, "Come and make your bow to the magistrate."

With a plain wooden pin through her hair and in simplest linen dress she appeared and made her bow. Though evidently poor in circumstances her face and form marked her as a young woman of good intelligence.

The magistrate treated her with marked deference and said, "Dr. Yi, in the days of his desperate need, found you to be his friend and your service has proven more to him than any other person's could possibly have been; are you not to be honoured?"

The woman drew her dress modestly around her and replied, "I am a woman, the lowest of the low, and though it fell to my lot to care for this my master, I had no idea who he was, and so I fear that in my treatment of him there have been many defects and no end of lack to do him honour. My failures and faults rise up before me and render me wholly unworthy of the kind words you have spoken. Your coming to-day to our poor home means honour beyond every dream but I fear as being too great it may presage misfortune."

The magistrate, hearing this, sent a servant to call the basket-maker and his wife, had them treated to refreshments and spoke kindly to them. A little later other magistrates began to come in. The Governor sent his secretary to present his word of greeting. The court of the basket-maker's house was crowded with the horses and servants of state.

Yi Kyo-ri said to his friend concerning his wife, "She belongs to the lowest class undoubtedly, and yet she and I are one, and we cannot be separated. For these years she has served and aided me with all her strength, and now that I have come to a place of honour I cannot forget her faithfulness. Please provide a chair so that I can take her along."

The magistrate at once acceded to this request, had a chair made ready and saw her start with him.

When Yi went to the palace to bow his thanks before King Choong-jong (1506) His Majesty gave command that he be admitted at once. The king then inquired all about where he had been, and what had befallen him, and Yi told him the story.

On hearing it the king nodded his head and said, "This woman must never be treated as one of low station again. I make her your wife to take the place of your kindred who have been killed, with all the honour that goes with it."

Long years they lived together, Yi and his beloved wife. There was no honour of the state that did not come his way, and many sons and daughters were born unto them. This Yi Kyo-ri was Yi Pan-su, Chang-kon (李長坤) a great and noted minister.

# ANCIENT KOREAN REMAINS

## II

The good people of Kangkei would seem to live outside the pale of civilization, so far off are they, and so shut away from the immediate concerns of the nation. We were inclined to pity them until we came to look a little more closely into their world and its surroundings, and now we rather envy them. The writer has never seen Kangkei and yet he presumes to write something more or less related to it.

The town itself lies within the compass of three streams, the Tok-no to the south-west, the North Creek to the north-west, and the South Creek to the south. There are five roads that branch out from it, one to the north that goes toward Cha-sung (慈城) past the old fire-signal station, one going east to Chang-jin (長津), one west to Man-p'o-jin (滿浦津) and two to the south.

It is along the west road that he would like to accompany the reader. Since it is the summer season and warm for walking, let us dispense with the highway, take a boat instead, and glide gently down the Tok-no for some 30 miles, picking up our road again at the end of the stage. How long you would have to haggle with the boatmen before they sang out to heave away; how many dangers you would have to meet along the winding course of the river, I cannot say, but hardly anything could be more inviting than a run down its silver face, watched by the various peaks and points of interest on either side. We have the Great Bear mountain off to the west, 3400 feet high, and a ferry some six miles below Kangkei with the high-sounding name "Kindness Righteousness and Virtue." South west we go for a time then wheel suddenly north, circling the lowlands, where the county offices huddle together, past Choong-ji Peak (中枝峯) that rides high up to the south 4000 feet and more.

Keeping well north from this for about 20 miles more we come to the mouth of the Kun-p'o (乾浦) or Dry Creek. Here we disembark and load our pack on a coolie and set out for a walk of nearly 12 miles to Man-p'o chin on the Yalu. Half

the distance is along the bank of a stream over a comparatively level road till we come to the pass of the Three Heroes (三傑嶺) that rises some 1600 feet, and from there we swing down to Man-p'o chin, one of the noted guard-stations of old Korea.

Following down the Yalu a mile or so we cross the ferry and find ourselves on the site of the old capital of Ko-ku-ryu (高句麗) one of the most interesting landmarks of this ancient people. It is Chinese territory but all its memories are Korean, its proofs of greatness, its glory. In the *Pictorial Album of Ancient Korean Remains* issued by the Government, Nos. 163 to 319 are taken up with this region just beyond the Yalu. Here are the remains of the ancient walls of T'ong-koo (通溝) that was the palace site of Ko-ku-ryu from 37 B. C. till 427 A. D. nearly 500 years.

Kim Poo-sik (金富軾) who wrote the *Sam-gook Sa* (三國史) in 1145 A. D. was unable to locate it further than to say that it was beyond the Yalu. Other writers are equally indefinite. It required the expert knowledge of the modern archaeologist to definitely locate its borders.

As we walk along the shore approaching the site of the walled city we pass on our right a magnificent tomb built evidently by similar hands to those that gave shape to the pyramids. It is a vast pile one hundred feet square and forty feet high of huge granite blocks, one layer above another, in seven terraces capped with a kind of concrete that laughs to scorn all modern attempts to imitate it. They call it in the *Album* the "General's Tomb," because the people of the place so know it. Down through this valley are grouped many tombs of kings, twenty in all. This we know without a question for on the bricks that served in their building we find inscribed "May the great king be peaceful as the hills, and live eternal as the mountain tops," "May his memory for all ages to come never, never end." No general would ever think of being buried here. Where "Banzai" (萬歲) echoes today still from the fallen bricks and tiles, we many conclude that it is a valley of kings and kings only.

From this tomb to the site of the old city is about 15 *li*,



or 5 miles, the road leading south-west parallel to the course of the river. About a quarter of the distance along the way brings you to the most interesting monument that remains of ancient Korea. It is spoken of under "ANTIQUARIAN STUDY" in the January number of the MAGAZINE, "some twenty feet high, and six feet across the face, it was erected in 414 A. D. and is the most ancient Korean monumental stone known today." What it talks of cannot but be of interest to students of Korea. The story it tells you will find outlines in the article mentioned above.

Passing along half way to the city we come on a group of eleven tombs one only of which we shall notice. It is the *Sam-sil* (三室), or tomb of Three Chambers, built separate from each other, and yet united by subterranean passages. The work has been done in the same substantial way as in the case of the tombs of Oo-hyun-li (June MAGAZINE) and the mural paintings, like those, have outlasted all time.

This tomb is one of the halls of the buried-alive, a grim chamber of the dead as told of in THE KOREA MAGAZINE, October, 1917. Think of it: five couples with bright cheeks and high hopes pushed alive into this cavern to keep the dead King company, the door sealed fast with a flat rock signet-ring, and ten thousand tons of granite between them and the blue sky. Imagine the sensations of these gay young birds clipped of hope and wing forever, dying in the dark, shut away from the world for fifteen hundred years. It was custom in these days for high officials to give their daughters, thus, as a mark of their devotion to the dead king. Drop a tear of pity ye who pass by for these gentle victims who had but to do and die.

The writer recalls as if it were but yesterday his first reading of the Fourth Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor, and remembers how his hair stood on end as he accompanied that redoubtable prevaricator through the charnel house that had locked him in. Sinbad seemingly had made up his story out of whole cloth, but here is the real thing before our very eyes, among which we walk, and wonder.

Five *li* further brings you to the town, and ten *li* behind

it leads up to the hill-fortress before which are five other tombs, one marked Older Brother and one Younger. Other tombs lie some ten *li* further to the south-west on the flat lands of the Yalu.

Surely this is one of the most interesting places in all Korea, and yet not in Korea. When the writer has the good fortune to visit the place he will look for a brick, or tile souvenir, marked

*May Your Life Endless Be* (千秋萬歲永固)  
*Keep sound and well, a mate for Heaven*  
*and Earth* (保固乾坤相畢)

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## THE KOREAN LANGUAGE

### (IDIOMS)

The writer recently asked a Korean scholar who had had long experience with foreigners and their manner of Korean speech, what he thought their chief defect, and he answered at once, "They do not use idiomatic Korean for the expression of their thoughts, but keep translating English idioms at us, that we do not understand."

This is probably a fair criticism. The defect comes from our learning words rather than expressions. An idiom is seen, not in one word, but through a combination of words, and so it is important that the learner acquire his word in a phrase rather than singly.

If the student will look for a moment at the *Hundred Sentences* in the book "Grammatical Forms," he will see from the first what I mean by idiom. For example the very first sentence, *Go quickly and see* (얼는가보시오) illustrates the Korean manner of putting words together, showing that it is quite different from the English. *Go, quickly and see* are words present in each case, but the order is different and the method of coupling them together peculiarly Korea's own. This secret must be thoroughly mastered before one can be free to handle similar forms of speech.

No. 16 in the list shows an idiomatic form that departs

wholly from the English in words as well as order. We see here how little mere words enter into the translation.

Recently a speaker in English hung the point of his story on the English idiomatic expression "I will." When it came to be put into Korean there was no such form available, no two words that could literally be translated "I will" in Korean. A single word did it in this particular case but it lacked the emphasis of the forceful idiomatic English "I will." So it is in Korean, we must find out these concentrated forms of speech if we would make our language tell.

The writer, for want of something better, would suggest that every student of Korean learn by heart, yes, learn to know as you do the Multiplication Table, these *Hundred Sentences*. There are only one hundred out of ten thousand possible, but they are representative and unlock many doors to the ten thousand.

Let us take the word **먹다** *to eat*. We can say **밥먹다** *to dine*. This is a plain natural combination, not an idiom; but we can also say **돈만히먹었다** *it cost much*. This is in a measure idiomatic. In these hot days of August we hear of So and So who has "eaten of the heat" **더위먹었소** had sun-stroke, or been overcome. This is also an odd idiom. A still more striking form is seen in **피악흔마음을먹었소** *He harbours an evil mind (eats a bad heart)*. They can also say **귀먹었소** *he is deaf*. Though the form comes evidently from **막다** yet it is a part of the language even to **잡섯소**.

The trouble with most students is that they do not learn idiomatic forms thoroughly. They hear them and let them go by. Learn them as you would the 23rd Psalm, write them on the wall; on your shirt cuffs; print them on your wife's dimity gown; nail them to your door-posts, until it is second nature to speak in idiomatic phrases bound together as beads upon a string, a rosary indeed that will abundantly serve you.

Speaking of **먹다** which is a very wide word, people say in gaming: **남의돈다먹었소** *He won the other man's money*. In *patok* and chess **먹다** means *to win*, while in tennis it means *to lose*—as when a player misses and fails to return the ball.

J. S. G.

TEA.

The question is frequently asked why Korea should drink no tea when Japan and China are so devoted to its culture and to the rites and ceremonies that attend it. One's answer must be largely of the nature of, I do not know.

Tea does not seem to appeal to the Korean ; he prefers coffee, or almost any other drink. So markedly is this the case that one could easily conclude that he never really made its acquaintance. But evidence proves otherwise. Call on Mr. Odachi, for example, who lives near Nam San, and ask him if he has any Korean teapots, and he will show you some. Ask him the price of one and he will probably say two hundred yen, or thereabouts, and get it too, from some keen-eyed passer.

Graceful as the fairy, these dishes come forth from the long-forgotten chambers of the dead. Some, modelled after the bottle-gourd, have the spout standing almost perpendicular on one side, while the graceful handle balances it on the other. Some again suggest a hen sitting on the nest, the head slightly raised to serve as spout and the tail for handle. These pieces of pottery are frequently ornamented with beautiful flower designs.

In museums they are marked wine-pots, but really they are tea-pots for Korea was a tea drinking country when they were made, and all through their history.

The delights of afternoon tea as specially known to the Englishman, were the delights of this people long centuries before England ever heard of tea. One feels quite a shock of surprise when he learns that Queen Elizabeth, with all her graces of soul, never served afternoon tea. Tea came too late for her day, but just in time to brace up the nerves of Oliver Cromwell for the rough task he had on hand.

We learn from the *Sam-gook Sa* and other sources that Korea first became acquainted with tea in the reign of Queen Sun-tuk (632-647 A. D.) Wise woman, she built a high tower from which to watch the stars, which tower still stands ; and

she introduced tea as a refined substitute for the wildly intoxicating drinks that the old poets used to take to. Korea thus learned to drink tea, but for two hundred years, apparently, never learned to grow it herself.

The *Sam-gook Sa* or *History of the Three Kingdoms* also tells that the seeds of tea were first brought to Korea by Tai-ryum (大廉) the envoy to the Tangs in 828 A. D. These were the days of China's greatest glory when she beneficently overshadowed the smaller states, like Korea, that looked up and worshipped her. Tea was then planted in the Chi-ri Hills of Chulla Province where it flourished and grew.

Su Keung (徐兢), a Chinaman, envoy of the Songs, who came in 1124 A. D. wrote a book called *Ko-ryu To-kyung* (高麗圖經) *Korean Pictures*. He says, "The tea of Korea has a slightly bitter and astringent taste almost disagreeable to a Chinaman. Our 'dragon' and 'phoenix' brands which are given by the Emperor as gifts, and also sold by merchants in large quantities, Koreans specially like. Of late Korea has become a great tea drinking country and makes many varieties of tea-pot.

"Tea-cups are decorated with gold and flowers. There are black tea-cups too, and small pots of blue coloured ware.

"On occasions of special entertainment they provide tea; and as they bring it into the room they walk very slowly and say, 'Please have tea.'

"When the guests are seated they arrange the tea things on a central table and cover them with a red silk gauze till it comes time to serve it. It is their custom to offer tea three times a day."

By way of comparison it is interesting to note that when the envoy went to Peking in 1712 to pay the tribute and receive the imperial gifts no mention of tea is made. Tea had died as to Korea long ere this and was no more.

When did it die and what caused its death?

In 1470 A. D. a very famous scholar, Kim Chong-jik, went as magistrate to Ham-yang near the Chi-ri Hills. He was interested in tea and having read in the *History of the Three Kingdoms* that it had been grown in that neighborhood made

inquiry of the older men concerning it. Finally he found some growing on a plot of ground north of Um-chum Temple, which land he bought and immediately saw to its further cultivation. It grew so abundantly that from this time on he made it a part of his yearly contribution to the Government.

This paragraph would suggest a decline in interest regarding tea since the days of Su Keung.

The old kingdom of the Buddha had passed away in 1392 and the silence that follows would seem to say that tea also began to pack its "grip" and depart likewise. Scotch whiskey (Korean *so-joo*), which the Buddhists are not supposed to drink, and which the Confucianists hail as boon companion, had elbowed itself into greater right-of-way.

The latest mention found regarding tea is in 1658 when a special Commissioner, Min Chung-joong (閔鼎重), went to Kyung-sang Province to adjudge some matters regarding tax-contributions. It seems that Ku-ch'ang (居昌) County was obliged to pay so much in tea each year. It was found however, that this county did not grow it, but purchased it elsewhere, giving as much as 30 rolls of cotton goods for one measure of tea. This had become a heavy financial burden on the people of this unfortunate Ku-ch'ang County. The Commissioner straightened it out by having Chin-joo (晋州) and other counties where tea was grown, pay in tea while other burdens of taxation that they had to bear were transferred to Ku-ch'ang.

Tobacco came into Korea about 1616 and so already there had been a trial of skill 40 years and more as to who should win first place in the way of after-dinner consolation. Tea is inclined to awaken the faculties, heighten the speed, and cause the soul to throw off sparks; while tobacco slows down the system, casts a spell over the eyes and leads its disciple off into the arms of Morpheus. Tobacco we acknowledge to have easily won the day.

A well-informed Korean, whom the writer asked about this, said that Koryu was much more closely related to China than was the succeeding dynasty of Chosen. China's style of dress, her method of life, her delights and luxuries became

Korea's as well, and so she made tea a part of her every day life. This may be so. Tobacco, however, would seem to have had a casting vote as regards tea so that with its entrance tea finally departed.

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## PLACES OF INTEREST ABOUT SEOUL.

(*Pong-eun Sa* and Tombs).

Passing out of the city by the electric tram that runs east along Kokane Machi through Wang-sim-ni you arrive in an hour's time or less at Duk-sum. Here the tall chimney of the Waterworks Company, ever alive, tells how the reservoir is kept replenished that sits on the intervening hills.

Keeping well up to the east end of Duk-sum you take a ferry across the Han River that lands you at the foot of a rocky spur. From here a walk of fifteen minutes brings you to the temple of Pong-eun Sa (奉恩寺), the chief monastery of the district. For anyone desirous of seeing things Buddhistic this temple offers unique advantages for almost all the world of the Buddha is crowded into its narrow compass. Here is the Main Hall where sits the Trinity of East Asia; here the Hall of the Ten Kings of Hades; here the Spirit Hill Assembly and many other things that any Westerner cannot but be interested in, all pointing to the travel of Asia's soul in its quest for satisfaction.

After a short rest at this temple a lovely pathway circling round to the southwest through the woods brings you to the tombs of King Sung-jong who died in 1494, and his son, Choong-jong, who died in 1544.

These tombs are worth seeing were it for nothing else but the guards that stand so boldly out on the landscape halting every passer. They are fine specimens of stone-work in the days of Edward VI.

What did these two kings, Sung and Choong, do that one

should pay a pilgrimage to their tombs and do them homage? In the first place King Sung-jong was a great lover of books and published some of the most valuable that Korea has today, the *Tong-moon Sun* (東文選) or Selected Poems and Essays down to 1478; the *Yu-ji Seung-nam* (輿地勝覽) a Geographic Encyclopaedia, a wonderful book even today, the *Tong-gook T'ong-gan* (東國通鑑) the best history there is of the former dynasties, and also a Book of Music.

One of the laws enacted in his reign was that widows should in no case marry again.

King Choong-jong's reign was noted from the fact that in 1512 he pulled down the monastery that stood by the stone in Pagoda Park. Buddhism had fallen on evil days and was frowned down on by King and courtier, hence the order to pull down the Wun-gak Temple (圓覺寺) and scatter its ashes to the winds. While they did this someone must have been ordered to grind off the inscription from the stone that sits on the turtle's back, as it is worn down evidently not by wind and weather but by the hand of man.

For seven years or more from 1527 the House of Yi laboured under the black spell of the Rat. It seems that to put a dead rat in another's pillow or pocket is equal to pronouncing a curse, and to roast its nose and feet before doing so adds a double edge to the injury. Some one put a roasted rat in the pocket of the Crown Prince, In-jong, and the King's oldest son was suspected, Prince Pok-sung. Whatever may have been the evidence, Pok-sung died, and his mother, and his sister, and his brother-in-law, all under the grim headsman's knife in order to square accounts in regard to this rat.

This dead rat might seem to some of small account but it smeared the Palace with blood and caused a nightmare to King Choong-jong that lasted from 1527 to 1532. The whole story would take too long to tell.

Now the king sleeps quiet while the great stone guards watch for him and the spirit squirrel runs up and down its flinty post keeping away all the wandering elves and devils that ever dwell within the wood.



# THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712

(Continued from the *August* number.)

## CHAPTER II.

*5th day. Weather fine and warm, like the 3rd moon.  
20 miles.*

A few yards further on we met a Manchu riding a fine high-stepping horse. Chang-yup exchanged his horse for this one, and I again exchanged mine for Chang-yup's. It was like riding the wind, and so I reached Sim-ni-bo before all the others of the party. There I went into the room of an inn and waited their arrival. Later I returned the horse to Chang-yup. On the way we met eight or nine Manchu women travelling on foot. My servant Wun-gun-i asked them where they were going, and their reply was, "We have come to see you Koreans." This seemed a very unexpected compliment, and so Wun-gun-i said, "You have done us too great an honour," at which all the women laughed heartily. We went on a little further and saw several score of people crowded together on the edge of a field. As we came closer we saw that they were engaged in a funeral exercise. They had inscriptions written on gold and silver paper with which they covered the coffin, while a quantity of sacrificial material was placed at the side. We saw then that the women to whom we had spoken were coming here as well.

We reached Nan-li-bo (爛泥堡) where we found houses, half of them or more being inns. In the place where we stopped there was a musical instrument that looked much like a *pipa harp* but the body of it was round in shape and its neck long and it had only two strings. The tunes played upon it seemed very poor and thin.

Six or seven of the interpreters with their chief had gone early in the morning to the home of the Nan-too, Yi Chong-sin, and now they joined us again saying that they had been magnificently treated.

After breakfast the Manchoo inn-master complained of the amount paid him, saying that it was too small, and so he took fast hold of Sin Chi-so and refused to let him go. I gave him a fan and therewith the difficulty was settled.

We proceeded on our way from Nan-li-bo some two miles till we reached a new stone bridge with a railing on each side. Near it was a tablet bearing three characters, Man-bo Kyo (Boundless Treasure Bridge). I found that it had been built in the 46th year of Kang-heui, (1707).

We passed several villages and arrived just as evening was falling at Sim-li-bo (十里堡) where we entered the post house of Yi Chak-u. Running through this village was a small river with an old wall along the bank that had tumbled down and was in a state of ruin. The master's son, only thirteen years of age, had already read the Four Sacred Books and was now engaged in the study of Mencius. His skill at reading was very remarkable. I asked him who his teacher was and he wrote the name, Chuk-sun. We ate bean-curd for supper, and I found it soft and pleasant to the taste like the best we have at home. The soup made from it was also very good.

*6th day. Weather fine and warm. 20 miles.*

With the second cockcrow we started on our way, but only after we had gone seven miles or so did the day begin to lighten. During the early morning there were no stars to be seen, but clouds only, with an appearance of snow. However as the day advanced it turned out fine and all the party rejoiced at it.

For several days the weather had been so warm that our people put off their outer coats as they went along and the ear-coverings that they wore. We passed several other villages and at last reached Paik-tap-bo or White Pagoda.

We then entered a house near by and secured an inner room and there had our breakfast. The master was a Chinaman, a man of considerable means evidently, for he owned

horses and donkeys in abundance. There were also stacks of grain in his yard, one of millet and one of black beans. These were surrounded with boards that were plastered on the outside with mud.

The circumference of each measured a great number of feet and the height was over one *kil*. On the top were two openings for ventilation, both of which were thatched with grass.

Since leaving Yo-dong there had been a succession of inns and markets along the way and the passing horses and carts increased in number. The villages scattered here and there were like squares on a chess board. Roads and paths ran at right angles, cross-wise and in all directions. There were also many forests and woods of willows to be seen. Cattle and donkeys were going about loose, feeding here and there, being watched by groups of herdsmen. The fields abounded in stacks of maize, and there were numberless loads of corn stalks in carts going by, that made an endless procession. I was told that in Mukden they used this for fuel. Various kinds of grains were seen in the fields as well but Indian corn exceeded all others in abundance. There were places here and there, too, where upland rice had been planted. I examined the soil and found it to be partly clay and partly sand, rich and fertile in quality, from which great quantities of grain had evidently been harvested.

On the road we met many women riding in carts, also soldiers in armour with bows and arrows at their backs. A short distance before reaching the wall we found a Buddhist monastery, within which were several temple halls and several rows of out-houses. It was surrounded by a high wall, and in it was a white pagoda with octagonal base and rounded form. Looking from where I was I should think the height would be about thirty feet, as it stood a few hundred paces from the road. I desired to go in and examine it more carefully but did not have the opportunity. There I met a young man who had on a Manchoo dress and a long robe. He carried a bow and arrows and was riding a mule. As he went past us six or seven attendants accompanied him before and behind, each

carrying bow and arrows as well. They all rode fine, tall horses. I asked who he was and was told that he was a near relative of the Emperor, and that he was now out on a hunting expedition.

Near the walls there was a large stream of water, fresh and clear, a branch of the Hon River (混江) I was told. At its side were many houses and many graves likewise. Here the envoys alighted from their chairs and rode on horses. A mile beyond this we found still another inner wall, the height of which was twenty-five feet. The towers of the gates were very tall and imposing, standing up before us in a way that half hid the firmament. Outside the gate was a protecting circular wall with an opening on each side. The leaves of the gates were clad in armour and a moat surrounded the entrance which was crossed by a stone bridge. After passing the bridge and entering the double gate we found ourselves within the wall. From the outer wall to the inner, the way on each side is lined with markets that succeed each other like the teeth of a comb. Within the inner wall however, it is busier still. Such a bustle as I had never seen in my life.

The quarters where the Crown Prince was, is now the official *yamen* of Mukden. My great-grandfather, Kim Sang-hun (金尙憲) was held a prisoner here in a building somewhere north of the place where the Prince was. No one now, however, can tell me the exact spot where the house was.

We ate our evening meal and along with it cabbage pickle and *heung-pa*. It was agreeably seasoned and liberal in quantity so that I ate with relish. There was also soup and broiled fish, a kind unknown in our country and unfamiliar to me. In appearance it was something like the carp and its flavour was not unlike that of monkeys' lips. We also had served to us the *yoo-u* fish, but it was not specially good. From this point on the drinking water was very bad.

The interpreters came to say that the lawsuit of the Nan-too had reached a very critical stage, so that all who had received bribes from them looked pale and alarmed except the head interpreter who seemed quite at his ease.

Since passing the palisade the company of the Nan-too

took charge of all our buying and arranging for pack horses. With evident design to control this they treated our Korean interpreters to the best of everything, earnestly requesting that they use them in all manner of purchase. It was evident that they wanted money in order to bribe the Mukden officials. Our people discussed the question of profit and loss in the purchase of goods, and concluded that it was disadvantageous to use the Nan-too. We felt that it would be good for all parties to have them lose their case, and while we could not bring about their defeat at law, we could at least avoid giving them money. Their appearance and behaviour changed greatly in a few days and we could see that it was going ill with them. If we should give them money, and they on their hand fail in their suit of law, from whom could we collect the debt? It seemed best that we stand aside and watch how they fared. If they won their case we could still use them, but if not, not. The smallest child might understand where profit and loss lay in a case like this, but the Chief Interpreter, for some unknown reason, wanted to put all our money into their hands in advance. He tried to force his opinion upon the others, but Yi Woo Yang and Choi Sai Sang strongly withstood him. The other interpreters were all willing to follow his lead, which seemed a great shame. I later heard that the amount of money that passed hands was over ten thousand *yang*.

The Manchoos came in great numbers to sell and buy. We found that among the rolls of linen that we had brought for tribute twenty four were missing. Evidently they had been stolen by the Wi-ju mapoos and sold by them. I learned that on former expeditions there were many such losses.

Mukden formerly belonged to Eup-noo (扈屨) Kingdom and during the time of the Tangs it was called Sim-joo (瀋州). The Kitan tartars again changed its name to Heungyo Koon (興遼軍). In the days of Hong-moo, of the Mings, (1368 to 1393) it was made a prefectural city, but in the times of Chin-ke (1621-1628) it fell before the Manchoos and became the capital of their kingdom. They called it Pong-chun (奉天) (Worship of God) or Sung-kung (Great capital).

7th. day. Fair and warm. Mukden.

Crowds of Manchoos came with things to sell and bringing money with which to make purchases from us they thronged about the livelong day. There were also those who sold character scrolls and pictures. After breakfast I rode out on horseback with Yoo Pong-san along the main street and saw the display of things in the market. We went north some distance till we saw to the east of us four or five great gates in line. Beautiful horses were tethered before the outer way, and we found on inquiry that this was the city *yamen*. Outside the gates were protecting walls which were called "Guardians." Again we went some distance till I saw at the side of the road a tower built of three stories, graceful in form and appearance. Inside of it were four arched gateways shaped like a cross. The circumference of the city can not be more than a mile. On each side there are two gates, eight in all. The main streets run at right angles like the strokes in the Chinese character for *well*. Where the two running north and south met the two running east and west there were towers erected, something like our own pavilion in Chong-no, Seoul. Crowds of people and great quantities of goods filled the market places to overflowing. We went some distance westward and then turned north following the road home. As we passed the meat-market we saw deer, stags, and rabbits hanging up in countless numbers. All sorts of work too was going on, cutting and sawing of wood, the making of carts, coffins, chairs and tables. Work in metal too was to be seen, preparing implements of agriculture, brass dishes, instruments for hulling rice. Clothes were being woven and cotton gins were hard at work.

As we came by we saw Manchoos playing ball. The ball was made of twine. This they kicked and counted one, two, three, etc. So they kept kicking it and he who could keep it longest in the air was reckoned winner. It seemed like home. Here we posted letters by a returning courier.

(*To be continued*).

# THE CRIMSON DAWN.

(Continued from the *August* Number).

## CHAPTER III.

### THE GO-BETWEEN AND HER WORK.

No ordinary woman was Whangsi but an unusual production of the age and of the conditions of her country. Gifted with a large degree of native wit and astuteness, her abilities had been sharpened to a keenness which might have placed her among the world's diplomats. Shrewd and sagacious, she was a discerning student of human nature, and in making advances was always careful that her point of contact be the most tactful possible. The self-complacent air with which she bore herself, the nice little house she had built, the position of prominence given her in that part of the country, all bore eloquent testimony to the prodigious success which attended her efforts. It will be a much more pleasant subject to discuss this success from Whangsi's view-point, than from that of the many unhappy, mismatched ones who marched two by two in marriage chains behind the chariot of her progress. She was a little bird-like woman, quick in her movements as in her thoughts, of uncertain age; her face having a sharp hawk-eye and beak-like mouth which added their lines of craftiness. Of course she was not too truthful. Who expected that? How could a person succeed in a calling like hers and stick too close to the letter of the law? Most certainly that was not to be expected.

This afternoon, spent at the home of the Kim's, was the kind which delighted her soul; such an encounter called for the high order of intelligence which she believed she possessed, while to come out victorious in such a battle of wits meant a neat, tidy sum to add to her nest-egg. All signs pointed to a very advantageous match between the third son of Mr. Kim and the grand-daughter of the old man Ye. She had talked the matter over with Mrs. Kim, and as she awaited the arrival of the master of the house she considered the question. Although this gentleman might be of the same opinion as

herself, she was sure that he would not willingly admit it, until she had brought up all the field artillery at her disposal and given him the advantage of all the bombs of her argument. Well she knew that the financial crisis in which he found himself would be the chief inducement for such a match, true also was the fact that this could not be advanced as a point in its favor, for Mr. Kim's pride would be immediately offended by such a suggestion. Thus she found herself facing a very delicate situation as she sat with Mrs. Kim and waited for Mr. Kim to show himself after his return from his friend Cho. He had been pursuing the unusual operation of an introspective survey of life. The hours spent under the willows by the bridge had resulted in a self-condemnation as bitter as it was unprecedented. So he took off his linen coat and made himself comfortable to meet the visitor a truly humbler and more chastened man than usual.

With a lordly air the Master approached the shady verandah. Mrs. Kim arose to meet him, every line of her slender form and each delicate feature proclaiming the fact that she was a true lady of the nobility. It is not always a fact even in Korea, that man is the supreme ruler; not so here, for it was my lady who ruled within the domain of this home, and no doubt things would at that moment have been in a better condition with him if she had also ruled in matters of finance as well. Quiet and reserved, with unusual dignity she seemed to come naturally by the right of control and directing. The very qualities of decision and definite purpose so lacking in her lord were quite evident in her. Certainly he would not have made any such admission, but, nevertheless, this quiet little woman of refined manners was the head of the house. Without doubt one secret of this was the fact that she never claimed or assumed any such prerogative. She would have been the first to disavow it, but she guided Mr. Kim with a silken cord of which he was utterly unconscious.

Whangsi greeted the Master with a deep curtesy and prostrated herself, bowing before him until her forehead all but touched the floor while he acknowledged the salutation by an assent half way between a growl and a grunt, and then



seated himself on one of the silken cushions. Thus he awaited in the solemn dignity of an eastern potentate, a subject's statement of the petition. But this did not annoy or disaffect the visitor, who straightened out her skirt into its proper folds, adjusted her disarranged head-dress, and proceeded to address him with the highest honorifics and verbal endings in which the Korean language abounds. "Pardon, my lord, that one so humble and lowly as I, should venture into your presence uninvited. I am but a poor, ignorant woman, the widow of the late Whang Young Soon, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you concerning a certain friend of mine in the village of Saemal," thus she began with a subtle, veiled flattery which pleased the proud gentleman, her words being accompanied and accented by several deep bows.

"Say on,"—was the gracious response as he waved a lordly hand.

"It is a matter of congratulation that you have been so favored by the spirits as to have three beautiful children when so many are without sons. I perceive, my lord Kim, that you have been most careful in all matters concerning your ancestors and that through your faithful sacrifices they have protected you and yours. Greatly have you been honored, your excellency, in the gift of these lads. The spirits of my ancestors forbid that I should even suggest that you have more than your share but I would call your attention most humbly to the great poverty of my friend, Mr. Ye of Saemal, who 'tho well off in this world's goods, having all that heart can wish, has alas lost his only son so that earthly joys fail to bring him aught of pleasure. Yea, great is his sorrow, and nothing can bring comfort or peace to his stricken home,"—Here the tender-hearted creature actually wept over the sorrows of Ye.

"Oh! well!" Mr. Kim did not like tears, even crocodile tears, any better than most men, "what has this to do with me? What are Ye's sorrows to me? Why do you tell me of this?" Even though he had seen the drift of her conversation it would have been far from him to have acknowledged it.

"Nothing, nothing, your honor, nothing at all!" she hasten-

ed to add. "Nothing save that I would call your attention to the blessings bestowed upon you by the gods; others are less worthy and less favored. You are most blessed, but does not your heart pity those less fortunate? It is a matter of public knowledge that your two elder sons, Kim Noch Chun and Kim Noch Do are well settled in life, and that you have two daughters-in-law who are models of industry and thrift. May I be so impertinent as to ask about the third son, and whether or not I may make a suggestion concerning his welfare?" The only answer to this fair spoken question was a deep grunt which the speaker accepted as assent and proceeded:

"Farmer Ye of the village of Saemal is one of the four wealthiest men in the eastern part of Korea. This is a well known fact. Rice fields and fishing vessels, gold and silver are his in plenty, but the death of his son leaves him with only a little grand-child, a woman child at that. Is it strange that the deepest desires of his heart, and the sincerest purposes of his life, should be bent towards making her happy and secure for the future? No, this is only natural and right, and to obtain for her a bridegroom of high family, a son of the nobility, he is willing to offer any sacrifice of material things provided the prospective son-in-law becomes his adopted son and heir to all his wealth." The listener was now fully interested in the situation; but such interest was visible only in the tightening of the eye-lids. As the woman talked he watched her through half closed eyes seeking to separate the wheat from the chaff, the truth from the vain words, of Mrs. Whang's professional stock in trade. However the lady was not to be daunted and she continued her story:

"It is quite a common practice in our country, when we are so unfortunate as to have no son, to adopt one. Most usually it is from among the children of relatives, and sometimes when one branch of an illustrious family has several sons and another several daughters it is frequent that they make an exchange, an adopted son for an adopted daughter, but alas, Mr. Ye has no such relations to whom he can go! Then there is another custom seen among our people, when a very poor, perhaps unfortunate, or unhappy mother leaves her

child at the door of the rich man's home. Many such have been adopted into families of wealth. But this would not do for Mr. Ye, he is a great stickler for pure blood, he holds to the old ideas of aristocracy and fears to have common blood, or degenerate lineage, mingle with his. That he would never stand. Some one tried this shortly before by leaving a fine fat baby boy at his house one night, that a tender hearted neighbor rescued." The go-between stopped to catch her breath. Under her skilful manipulations the sordid story of miserly Ye of Saemal was on a tinge of romance which thrilled her own heart, and she knew that her listeners were not untouched by her eloquence.

"Then as you well know, your honor, there is also another custom much resorted to in homes where there are no sons to bless : the adoption of the husband of a daughter, and this is what Mr. Ye greatly desires. Far be it from me, or such as I, to offer suggestions to your excellency, but it is the earnest and sincere wish of Mr. Ye to know what you might think of such a proposition. Certainly you would not object since he would continue to use his own name, Kim he is, and Kim he would remain to the end of his days. That is one excellence about this custom of Korea. Yet Mr. Ye would have an heir to follow him, some one to take his place as head of the house, and the son-in-law would live at the bride's home, instead of the girl going to his home. Even this is of course a sacrifice ; but, realizing this, it would be the pleasure of the generous father not only to give in return the sum which you may agree upon, but also to consider henceforth the needs and sustenance of your home as his responsibility and that it would be his duty to see that in the future you have no want for things of this world. You have been blessed by sons, Mr. Ye by material possessions, field and gold and riches in store ; so it is a small thing to supply these in return for the boon he most desires. I am sorry to have disturbed your quiet, and to have intruded upon your privacy." It has been said that Whangsi was a diplomat and that she instinctively knew just when enough had been said. As she arose and shook out her voluminous skirts, it was with the

assurance that the seeds sown in this fertile soil would surely bring forth fruitage in the near future.

Kim sat deep in meditation, puffing away at his pipe. No heed did he give to the bows of the departing guest. Mrs. Kim bustled to the steps of the court-yard with hospitable intent; placed the shoes for her feet; helped arrange the veil over her head, and was ushering Mrs. Whang towards the entrance when a ringing voice came from the verandah:

"Yebo! Say you!" a not uncommon way to call a servant or your wife. "Say, tell that person that this suggestion does not strike me very favorably just at first. But I'll think about it and investigate matters, and if she wants to talk about it any more, she can come again seven days hence, at which time I'll receive her." The listening women then knew that the battle was half won for Ye.

Seven days had passed. During this time Kim had made inquiry into the pretensions and conditions of the gentleman in question and allowing for expected exaggerations and high coloring, he believed that the go-between (*Chungmae*) had stated the main facts truthfully. Mr. and Mrs. Kim then decided that this was indeed a great opportunity for the third son, and though neither mentioned it except casually, both counted it a god-given way to right their financial troubles and to get a fresh start in life.

On the seventh day the house was set in order and Mr. and Mrs. Kim waited for the arrival of Whangsi. The appointments of this home still bore the marks of former oriental elegance. The broad verandahs decorated with classic mottoes from famous authors, the silken cushions now faded and worn, the massive timbers such as are seen only in the homes of the gentry.

Mr. Kim sat cross-legged on the mat and drew tenderly at the same long-stemmed pipe: Mrs. Kim took dainty stitches in some fine linen while the calm and quiet of the afternoon wore away in the conscious anticipation of a visitor. The mother had consented to the final decision not without many anxious and sorrowful misgivings. This child was her best beloved of all the children, the joy and pride of her heart. The hand that held her sewing dropped to her lap as she said:

"I do not know how he will take this, he is such an affectionate child, and his devotion to the family and love for its old traditions are stronger than that of the others. It's a pity that it could not have been one of the older boys, they would have carried it off well, but—he is not like them."

"Yes, that's true, but after all it is for his sake. He is not supposed to know as well as we, his parents, what is best for him. He has always been obedient although such a mischievous fellow; don't worry about that, he will fall into line all right." She did worry, nevertheless, for she knew full well that consideration of his future was not the prime motive in this matter, and that neither Mr. Kim nor she would have considered such a match for a moment if it had not been for the desperate condition in which they found themselves financially. Suddenly a scraping of feet and a cough outside announced a visitor. No knocking here, nothing so blatant or crude; a cough or clearing of the throat, is the proper way to announce one's arrival. The hostess hastened to greet the guest, took her mantle and led her to the porch, where after the preliminary greetings they finally came to the business in hand. It was now Mr. Kim's time to take the initiative and he did so with the pompous dignity of an emperor:

"I have investigated your words with regard to the family by the name of Ye living at Saemal and they seem to be partly true; I am willing to hear whatever proposition you have to make; just remember, however, that this arrangement is not of my seeking. I am not the one who is anxious for this consummation."

Whangsi looked at him a long moment and slowly nodded her head, as she considered the problem of how best to maneuver so that she could offer him sufficient money to really tempt him without seeming to do so; and how to bring about this very desirable end so as to make a tidy bit out of it for herself. Then with a flutter, not unlike the bird she resembled, she approached the delicate subject thus:

"I could not shame a gentleman of your standing by the mention of money except that in such cases as this it is the custom, and we must follow the time-honored customs of our

fathers. When I was here before I did not mention a peculiar characteristic of Mr. Ye's, he wants to be thought poor and he is very anxious that this part of the transaction should remain a secret, though others will necessarily know that henceforth your family needs are considered one with his. When the matter was first brought to my attention, before even mentioning it to you, I told Mrs. Ye that it was altogether useless to make any suggestion of anything less than forty-thousand yang," here she paused for a second, but a stony stare was the only response. Mr. Kim knew that it was her professional duty to get all she could from Ye and to keep as much of the amount as possible for herself. Although not mercenary Kim is in need, and it is his right as well as his fatherly duty to see that he receives all that is coming to him in this deal.

"As a matter of fact I am not even yet quite sure of the amount which can be expected, but of one thing I am confident, this part can be arranged with perfect satisfaction to all concerned." This assured expectation of Mrs. Whang was not put to shame, for after many alternate visits, to Saemal and to Mr. Kim, tactful here, threatening there, always diplomatic everywhere her energy and zeal were after the strenuous efforts of several weeks finally rewarded, by successful arrangements for the completion of the betrothal.

Behold Whangsi at last happy and triumphant on her way to Saemal ; a written contract in her possession from the father of the groom saying that the son agreed hereby to take Kuumokie as his wife, and to live at the house of Ye as an adopted son. This precious document, together with the parings of the toe and finger nails of the groom, was bound with red thread, put into a red envelope, and carried in a red napkin to the house of the prospective bride, where it was received with due ceremony ; while corresponding emblems and promises from the grand-parents of the bride were returned to the house of the groom.

This groom, Noch Kung, though sixteen years old, had been as little consulted or considered as had the tiny girl of Saemal, yet he had very definite feelings on the subject which

sooner or later would have to be taken account of. The morning after the betrothal had been arranged with due formality, the unhappy bridegroom sat near the open door of his room overlooking the courtyard, his hair newly dressed with a top-knot, proclaiming to all the world that he was now entering man's estate and engaged to be married. The *sae-su-bang's* (new groom) hat is lying on the floor by his side. He must now no longer be called Kung Saiku but Noch Kung, for the boyhood name is done away with, the long shining hair braid and other childish things that he loses when he takes a man's place. The morning was warm and sultry, the leaves hung in languid stillness on the trees, the sky seemed of brass and pitiless in the fierce reflection of the sun's lurid rays; it was the quiet which precedes a storm. This was the season of typhoons; the great rains of summer were long overdue; the farmers prayed for rain, and all nature awaited with hushed expectation that outburst which would break the drought and usher in the rainy season *changma*. The long morning was wearing away slowly for Mrs. Kim. She sat in her favorite seat on the verandah and stitched away at her never ending task, while she kept a watchful eye on the daughters-in-law as they came and went from kitchen to store-room busy with the noon-day meal. Many glances she directed towards her handsome, sullen son, who sat on a mat near the open door of the room opposite; in his listless hand was a book of Chinese classics though his eyes took not in the mysteries of the wonderful characters therein, but roamed about the court hither and thither, now resting on the women as they came and went, now searching the roof top among the broken tiles, now furtively watching his mother across the way, careful lest he catch her eyes. One clenched hand lay on the mat; his knees were drawn up as though he were about to spring to the yard below. This boy was very like his mother in looks and in disposition. One knew at a glance by his tall, straight figure that he was a high bred lad. There is a great difference not to be overlooked between the common people, the coolie class, and the upper classes. The peoples of the western world are quick to recognize this fact in regard to their own kin, though

they are apt to forget it in dealing with the races of the Orient. But in the eastern world as well as in the western, it is a fact that "blood will tell," in intellect, in habits, and in appearance. Noch Kung was a gentleman. In every finely chiseled line of face and head, in every delicate curve of his splendidly molded hands were to be seen the marks of generations of noble ancestors. But now sullen anger lent a deeper shadow to the beautiful, brown eyes; to the corners of his handsome mouth which dropped with sulky rage. Gloomy and silent, he looked like a young tiger, king of the mountains, caged. The mood of nature around him was in sympathy with the suffering boy, for his quiet was also the calm before the storm. The crash of a falling dish in the kitchen seemed to awaken him, to arouse him to action. With a leap he was on to his feet, the offending book tossed with a petulant gesture into the farthest corner; two bounds and he was across the narrow court-yard, another spring and he stood before his mother. He was a highly strong boy. Thus far his life had been sheltered from care and anxiety, he had been gay and free. And this was his first sorrow. As he scowled down upon the woman before him he was trembling all over with indignation, sorrow and humiliation. There is no denying that the mother was worried, but it was for just such crises as this that she required that dignity and force of calm in which she had schooled herself. This child was the pride and joy of her heart; mischievous and daring he was, yet obedient and kindly. His love and admiration for his lady mother held great power over his heart but of this tenderness he was ashamed to let any know lest it seem unmanly. Now though somewhat startled by the unexpected dash across the yard, Mrs. Kim seemed as quiet and undisturbed as ever, when she looked up at her angry boy. Yes, she had thought it all out, and knew that he was apt to have objections to his part in this matter, but knowing their straits as she did, she saw clearly that this was the only means of keeping the home. The only alternative was the surrender and destruction of the whole family, this beloved son included. Hence the sacrifice of Noch Kung was necessary for his sake as well as for the family, and he must give



up in favor of a higher and more imperative duty. After all, as the adopted son of the wealthy Ye, his would be the chief gain. He was to be given a great opportunity, while theirs was the loss in giving up such a gifted and affectionate son. Having reached this decision herself, her part now was to overcome his objection and make him see the matter in its proper light; he must realize this step to be necessary for his future as well as for theirs. There must be no wavering, no weakness in dealing with him, though she must be careful not to offend his sensitive nature over deeply. With a wave of her steady, white hand she motioned him to the cushion opposite:

"My son, be seated! Here is a fan, the day is too hot to move about so rapidly."

"Sit down indeed! Sit down! You treat me as though I were still a baby. I'm a child no longer. Neither am I a pig or a donkey to be sold or bought for lands or gold. I'm a man in size, in years and in feeling." This outburst so surprised Mrs. Kim that she dropped the linen to the floor and looked at him in amazement. This rigid, infuriated young man before her was a stranger. This was no longer the light hearted, smiling boy she knew so well, he had stepped from childhood into manhood. Her instinct told her that he was now to be treated as a man. The reasons for certain actions, the condition of the family, could no longer be withheld from him as from the child of yesterday. The opinions of this man were something to be taken into consideration if he was to take his part in a proper manner and carry the plan out to a successful conclusion. While she looked into his face and marvelled at the change in him, his words came forth in an angry rush:

"Why is it that Noch Chun and Noch Do with their wives can live here at home, the home which I love more dearly than do either of them, while you throw me away, sell me for money and send me to that nasty fishing village of Saemal to become the adopted son of a common farmer, a stranger who is not even a relative? Thrown to the dogs!"

His fierce indignation was giving way, spending itself now

in long shuddering sobs. Anger had given place to outraged love. Noch Kung's was a warm, affectionate nature and he was now suffering as only those can who love deeply. Although his breath came in gasps his stern, young face was white and set, and as his mother gazed at him she realized something of his pain and modified her resolve to be coolly judicious in dealing with him. Her face was as white as his own as she cried out:

"No, no child! You do not understand!" He dashed aside her outstretched hands, and with a moan sank to the floor and buried his face in the cushions.

"Don't touch me! You say that I am no longer your son." Aye, no longer a child, but a man, a wounded angry man was this lad with whom she had to deal, and one demanding all the tact and wisdom at her command. He must know the truth. So with hands clenched and with a masterly effort to control her voice she commenced with low faltering words to tell him the unlovely facts so long and carefully withheld; the story of financial strain; the poverty and want which had been withstood only by the mortgage on the old homestead; the family ruin and disgrace which was now imminent; the one step possible which stood between them and starvation and worse. As the plain truth came from her trembling lips, she moved closer to the prostrate form, and her tears fell fast upon the dark head. She longed to take him into her arms and comfort him, but there was a newborn fear and respect for him in her heart. That fierce, indignant: "Don't touch me!" meant that he was not yet ready for caresses. As he listened to the pitiful tale he grew more quiet, the storm of dark rage passed, and her tears melted his heart as nothing else could have done. When before had he seen this proud lady in tears? This moved him also to an understanding of the urgency, and the grinding nature of their poverty. After a lengthy period of quiet he raised his head and gave her a long searching look.

"So it is a necessity to save the family that I should be sold! I would die before I would be sacrificed for my brothers. They would not have done it for me; Noch Chun would not,

neither would Noch Do, neither would I wish to do it for them. It's like selling my soul for a bunch of garlic! But for your sake my mother, for you I will give up home, family, all,—and become an outcast among these common people." With deepest emotion he hid his twitching face against his mother's skirt and burst into tears. Where now was the stern angry man? He was just a little boy again, the generous, loving child of yesterday, and with murmured words of tenderness and endearment the mother gathered him close in her arms and their tears mingled.

Preparations for the wedding and the attending excitement aroused Mr. Kim from his lethargy. The money in his hand, he again felt the Yangban he knew himself to be, and forgotten were all the vicissitudes of the past in his anxiety to have this present affair worthy of his name. The family jewelry, and many beautiful pieces of furniture once lost again found their place in the home; heirlooms which had long reposed amid the cobwebs of the pawn-broker were now in the hands of their rightful owner. The pleasures and the duties of each day brought to him sufficient responsibility; thus it had always been in the past, and this accounted for the financial stress in which he had but recently found himself. But for the present there was an abundance, so why look forward with dread to an uncertain future? Mr. Ye had promised to take care of that and Mr. Kim never faced unpleasant possibilities until they thrust themselves upon him, and not even then if he could by any means avert the necessity. Just now he was quite happy; the mortgage was paid, and the homestead was his again; the money in hand was enough to carry through the proper ceremony of the wedding occasion with a little left over. Pay his debts? Oh! No that was another matter! Unless there was a note against him, a mortgage, who ever expected him to pay such small loans? Certainly not men like his friend Cho, who knew him of old. With his financial burdens removed, his home restored and the means at hand with which to splurge and regale his friends with good wine, laughter and cheer filled his heart once more as in the days gone by.

The sorcerer was consulted concerning the lucky date for the approaching nuptials, and a day in September was finally decided upon as being propitious and advisable in every way. The fine sewing and needlework exhibited by Mrs. Kim and her daughters-in-law, were well worthy of a bride more appreciative than poor, frightened, little Kumokie. Poor little girl! She knew not which frightened her most her mother's passionate outbursts of anger and helpless remonstrance, or her grandfather's harsh exhortations concerning her future behavior. He alternately lectured her about the proper way for one in her position to behave, and threatened her with unutterable terrors if she disgraced the family by forgetting any one of a thousand difficult points of etiquette. Just what was about to happen she did not exactly know, but something awful seemed ready to befall and she was quite sure that she would forget some one of the many things, that she would make some dreadful blunder which would bring ruin and disgrace upon the family and make her an outcast and a by-word forever. Day after day she went through the ceremony of bowing as directed by Whangsi, her grandmother acting as chief critic. Oh, dear! But it was so hard to learn to be a bride! Those awful, trying bows! How her back and legs ached and what little progress she made! To sink gracefully and slowly, slowly and more slowly still to a prostrate position, her forehead on the floor resting on her crossed hands, then to rise just as slowly, and repeat this three times.' Try it if you think it easy! But after so long a time of practice the old women thought that she would get through it passing well, if she could only keep her eyes shut and not cry like a baby!

In after years Kumokie tried to remember the impressions of her wedding day, but it was one confused idea of noise, fear, intolerable heat and weariness. She well remembered the delight of the women when the bride's outfit, the presents and trousseau from the home of the groom, arrived; the lovely inlaid chest; the many garments of silk and linen; ornaments of gold and jade, which had belonged to Mrs. Kim when a bride; the beautiful needlework and exquisite embroidery—these all brought exclamations of praise and ad-

miration from the neighbors who crowded in to see the wonders of this fairy chest. The Kims were not common, ordinary people and they did not do things half way; the verdict of the village was that they were true aristocrats and that the Ye family was fortunate and lucky in making an alliance with such people. The one least interested of all in this bridal finery was the child bride; to her it was only part of the new ordeal, something which she could not understand. The many days of anxiety and fright, the weariness and excitement had taken the roses from her cheeks and she heard Whangsi say as she came in to dress her; "What a lovely *saxie* she will make! So timid and pale and frightened looking! Why we can make her look as fine a lady as any daughter of the Kims!" Then they pasted her eyes shut, put on the thick paint and powder; arms and neck and face were made as white as chalk, deathly, unnatural; then was added the final glory, the crimson spots on cheeks and brow. From the time they led her forth to meet the groom, whom even now she was not to see, until she was carried away in the great chair of gilt and red with the bridal procession on its way to the ceremonial visit to the home of the groom, it was all an indistinct blurr of tumult, heat, pain and fear. As a blind puppet she responded to the whispered commands of Whangsi, who guided and led her through the ordeal; she bowed when she was told to bow; she walked when told to walk; sat when told to sit; her hands were bound and helpless in the long silken sleeves of the bridal robe; the swish of the heavy brocade which might have delighted a more critical owner; the heat; the pressing, unsympathetic crowd of sightseers and their vulgar talk; the noise of feasting and drinking in the court-yard,—all these things were blended into a dim memory of those long hours of agony when she could neither speak nor show any sign of emotion or life except as directed by the woman beside her. Yet it was with something of exultation that she remembered that she did not cry. All along she had been so afraid that the tears would come, and that she would be a disgrace to the family and receive the mighty thrashing promised by her grandfather; this was truly a vic-

tory over self for Kumokie. A dreadfully big lump came into her throat, and it ached so cruelly that sometimes it just seemed as though she could no longer hold back the tears, till her grandfather's voice would sound in the outer court and the fear of him freeze the tears from her smarting eyes. Would the day never end? Sometimes she thought she just could not stand it any longer, so faint was she with hunger and excitement. Very slowly indeed passed this wedding day, which lived in her memory as one of the most uncomfortable and unhappy days of all her life. There can be no doubt that the two most miserable people in this affair were the two chief actors, the bride and the groom, the two who having had least to say in arrangements or decisions and yet nevertheless the two most concerned; the two whose future hung on the fortunes greatly of this day,—these two, strange to say, had little thought for each other but were thinking of their own misery and wishing the thing well over.

Noch Kung decked out in all the finery of the occasion arrived with his gay procession. He and she went through the bowing ceremony in proper form. His handsome face was set and hard, for the sight of the painted, little, doll-like thing which was his bride awoke again his slumbering fury against his parents, against fate and against his father-in-law; the red glitter of his eye might have warned this new relative that here at least was one who was not to be easily managed, and who would brook no insolence. This hardness of the eye softened somewhat as it rested on the trembling girl before him; he saw the soft, babyish curves of the little body and thought to himself:

“Poor child! She is only a baby! I'll be kind to her anyway, but I can make it hot enough for the old skinflint.”

Endless as it seemed, the day was closed at last. Much to his joy farmer Ye had a new son, his grand-daughter's husband, and quite incidentally Kim Noch Kung had a bride, though many years were to pass before Kumokie became a wife.

*(To be Continued).*



